

*Barbara B. Helms R. 114*

# THE STUDENT'S PEN



APRIL 1929

*Dup*

# THE STUDENT'S PEN



APRIL 1929





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## THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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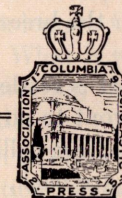
APRIL, 1929

No. 6

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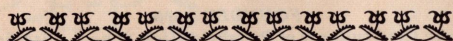


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### Gypsy Song

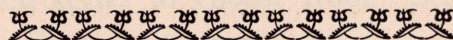
A gypsy wind is calling  
It echoes through the trees  
There are promises of summer  
Wafted on the breeze.

A gypsy heart is restless  
Feet are wont to go;  
Rustling pines are calling,  
The birds are back, I know.

The gypsy spring will lead me  
To her haunt so far away  
Through green and grassy meadows  
Through the golden of the day.

Gypsy spring's still calling  
With lips, all winter dumb,  
Only I have heard the summons  
Gypsy spring, I come, I come.

Vera Victoreen



# EDITORIALS



### Seeing Things Through

WHOSE heart does not thrill when he reads such a story as the *Message to Garcia*, a tale of a messenger who, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, carried his message to its destination. The story's allure lies not so much in the bravery and daring of the messenger, as in the humble fact that he completed the task which he set out to accomplish. How very unlike the messenger to Garcia are most high school students! Only about half the things we promise are ever actually accomplished. What is wrong? Do we promise to undertake tasks without first carefully considering them? Do we flinch because the task is somewhat bigger than expected?

Placed, as I am, in a position to observe just how high school students react to responsibility, I find the situation somewhat disappointing. In just securing *Pen* material, the number of promises exceeds the contributions by about 100 percent. In order to edit any issue at all, we must ask for more than double the number of articles we need—we know only half of the promises will be fulfilled at best. The situation speaks rather poorly for high school students. It all is expressed in a single word—non-dependability.

It is all too evident that high school students fail because they don't see things through to a finish. An old proverb says: "Half the task lies in the beginning." It is my opinion that the other half lies in the work's completion. The world has seen enough beginners—but, oh, the countless opportunities, the high rewards waiting for men and women who can finish the tasks they begin!

We admire many national heroes yet we fail to consider the chief characteristics of these great patriots. Take, for an example, Washington, and his long winter at Valley Forge. Had he lost hope, left his command when the outlook was so hopeless, he would have thus lost all the honor our nation bestows upon him. Consider Lincoln who piloted our nation through the dark days of Civil War. Had he not held firm, had he left unfinished his fight for right, he, too, would have relinquished forever his position in America's hall of fame. There are countless other examples of men who stand high in public esteem because of their ability to "see things through."

We, who are passing through high school, consider "seeing things through"



all too unimportant. Little do we stop to think that we are laying another foundation stone in our character when we complete a disagreeable task. Little do we realize how unfulfilled promises and half finished work are undermining an otherwise splendid reputation and stamping us for all time as non-dependable. When we get out into the world we wish to have happiness and an honorable position. Accuracy, efficiency, and regularity—all are great assets to our holding high position and experiencing subsequent happiness. All three, however, are of little importance if we fail "to see things through."

*The Editor*

### The Double Session Plan

THE many shortcomings of the double session plan as used in our high school are easily evident. That invisible, yet important factor in school life—school spirit—is weakened.

It is apparent how this has come about. The school is necessarily divided in two sections—one session knows very little about the other—participation in athletics, for the afternoon session becomes almost impossible. Athletics have always been very important because they are a contributing factor toward the union of the entire school body.

Many other former activities conducted by both groups are now also impossible. The various clubs, which were held once a week are now discontinued with the exception of the Debating Club and *The Student's Pen* Club. Just a short time ago *The Student's Pen* had to secure a meeting time during school hours in order to obtain attendance at the meetings. The members of the Debating Club, the other surviving club, plan to close the season early because of the failure of the students to support it.

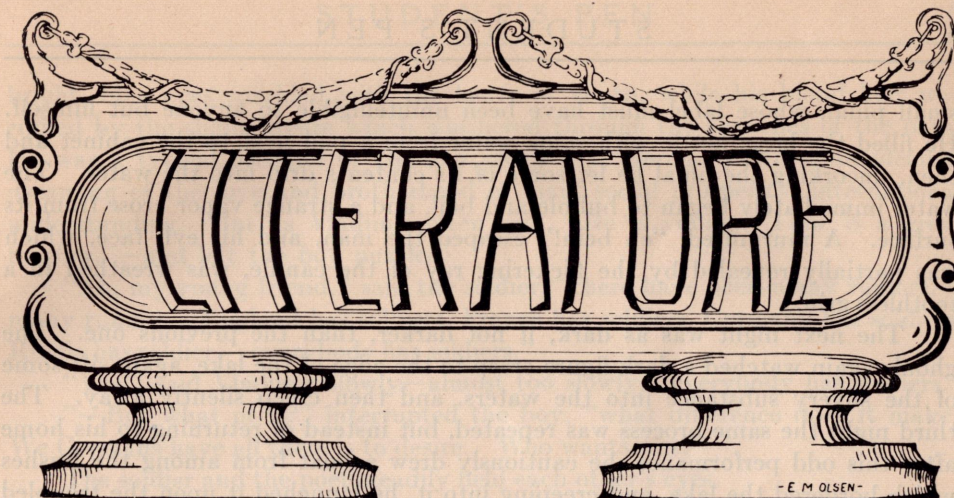
Not a day goes by but the students of Pittsfield High School deplore the failure of the city fathers to provide suitable opportunities for high school training. The criticisms made by the students seem sometimes to be wholly excusable.

*J. Mc Kenna '29*

### April Dawn

Stars—one by one—fade from view,  
The black of sky grows grey,  
Then pink.  
A red ball  
Peeps  
Over the top of a mountain,  
And, seeing  
The whole world at rest,  
Comes boldly forth;  
The monarch of day  
Magnificently rises to his throne.

*Marie Hill*



### La Rivière Aux Diables

IT was midnight. The bell in the tiny church steeple seemed to whisper in the breeze, as it kept guard over the little village of Théoule in Southern France. It was whispering to the ghouls, "whose king it is who tolls, a merry paean from the bells." The mistral was blowing, sweeping down the Rhone Valley, and howling over the vine-clad plains of Provence, making the few inhabitants who were not yet deep in their dreams murmur, "mistral est en colère." The night was densely black, so black that one would have had great difficulty in making his way along the narrow roads.

Yet if anyone had been watching, he would have seen a dark figure suddenly emerge from the door of one of the little houses and melt into the velvety blackness of the night. As it was however, the old bell in the church tower, and possibly the ghouls, were the only ones who saw him. They watched him until he came to a lake which seemed to be blacker than the night itself, if this were possible. It was called by the inhabitants of Théoule "La Rivière Aux Diables," because of its perpetual appearance of a huge cauldron forever boiling, and by everyone it was regarded with superstitious horror.

Suddenly the King of the Ghouls laughed. The dark figure produced a package from the mysterious depths of his long, black, flowing cloak. Opening the package he brought forth a silvery substance, and taking a pinch of it between his fingers, he let it sift into the black seething mass of waters. On the instant the air seemed to become electrified, and a low rumbling was heard from the depths of the lake. Emitting a low chuckle, the strange figure turned and vanished.

Back at his own home again, the figure cautiously lighted a candle and placed it on a stool which stood before a window. The tiny ray of light disclosed a room, as mysterious as the figure who inhabited it. In one corner stood a kettle which resembled a huge cauldron. In another corner reposed a chest with glass doors, in which there were many bottles of what seemed to be mysterious chemicals. The rest of the room was dark and bare, a small bed, a stool, one or two chairs, and a table completing the articles of furniture. The atmosphere was heavy, brooding, and laden with an air of mystery.

The man went to the cabinet which contained the chemicals and selected a



small phial, whose label must have been unintelligible to anyone but himself. He filled the large kettle with some water from a pail next to the cabinet and then, uncorking the phial he let some of its contents drip into the water. The water immediately began to bubble and boil, and a strange vapor arose from its surface. A murmured, "eh bein!" escaped the man, and his evil face, which was partially revealed by the flickering ray of the candle, was wreathed in a toothless grin.

The next night was as dark, if not darker, than the previous one. The ghouls again watched a dark figure creep to the edge of the lake, again sift some of the silvery substance into the waters, and then creep silently away. The third night the same process was repeated, but instead of returning to his home after this odd performance, he cautiously drew a boat from among the bushes which bordered the lake, and creeping into it, he launched it upon the troubled sea of waters. Out, out to the very center of the lake floated the boat with its strange passenger. Then when it had reached the deepest part of the lake, it suddenly sank from sight, completely vanishing from the surface of the earth. The waters increased their bubbling and boiling, a cloudy vapor floated up toward the heavens, and far up in the church steeple the King of the Ghouls laughed, a long, mirthless laugh.

*Marjorie Clark '31*

### The Immortals

**N**EATH the shadows of the slumbering oaks of Bayreuth, where the great Musician had lived and died, sat three men sipping their beer, meditating upon each little taste as if it were a matter of great concern. There was nothing very striking about these men, with the exception of one, Johann, the soldier. He was dressed in the garb of the Seventh Bavarian Guards, which had passed through the little town, and lay encamped a mile away. His field-gray uniform stood out from the somber black dress of his companions. A straight, silvery sword flashed in the sunlight as he swayed his body. His face was tanned, suggesting much outdoor life. Indeed—his entire figure proclaimed his profession.

His companion, sitting opposite, was a tall, thin gentleman, between the ages of thirty-seven and thirty-nine. His hair was long and flowing in the manner of a Bohemian. In his face were written years of suffering, misery, melancholia, and bitter cynicism. The dark, flashing, nervous eyes were set deep into his forehead. His eyebrows frowned down from his majestic forehead as he listened to the excited conversation of his friends. This man was known to his friends as Vladimir—the poet. Of his past one had scanty information. It was whispered that he was a Russian liberal, exiled because of agitation after the massacre of "Bloody Sunday" a few years before. He was now a German citizen, a professor of modern verse in old Heidelberg. The chaff of gossip passed from lip to lip, from ear to ear, until the mystery of the tall Russian became common property.

The last of this strange trio was a cripple, a young man of five and twenty years. He was called by his companions, Paul—the dreamer. He was a short, muscular fellow, perfect in his entire body with the exception of a deformed right leg, which Providence had fortunately, or unfortunately, given to him. His

bright, blue eyes sparkled with the lustre of youth, while his blond hair was ruffled by the slight breeze which whispered through the branches of the oaks. He was a typical dreamer of German prosperity, German culture, an idealist, dreaming of the love and brotherhood of man, social prosperity, international understanding. But as Vladimir often said, "He is young. Time is a great teacher,"—and left the boy puzzled.

"Ah, my young friend," said the soldier, "there have been many rumors,—many rumors. England has soldiers, France has soldiers, Germany has soldiers, Russia has soldiers—everybody has soldiers."

"Yes," said Vladimir slowly—almost too slowly, "everybody has soldiers."

"—But what of it?" interrupted the boy, "what difference does it make? We Germans have all there is to desire. Who wants war?"

The soldier and the poet steadily held each other's eyes.

The boy continued without regard to his companions. "Yes—who wants war?"—and with that he gave each a questioning glance and returned to his beer.

The three remained silent for some time. It seemed that each was afraid to speak.

The soldier broke the silence.

"Son, we understand you; we appreciate your beautiful ideals. We possessed them once but now—well—" he hesitated, "now everything is going to the devil."

"Stop," interrupted Vladimir. His eyes had taken on a new light, his chest heaved rapidly. "Let him dream; let him dream I say. Thank God that there are a few optimists left in the world. Let him see all he can. Don't spoil his idealism now. Let him be. At least there are a few who appreciate—who understand."

Tears had appeared in the eyes of the poet.

"Look about you, what do you see?—Life, love, laughter—beautiful, beautiful as the Infinite One saw fit to make it beautiful. But oh—oh! you men—will you never be satisfied? It is as you say, we have everything one desires. And the crime or curse, whichever it may be, is that we shall never be satisfied. 'Gold—Gold', is the cry. Ah—hideous gold. Land, territories, factories, industries. Intrigue, intrigue, and more intrigues. Will it never stop? Soon it will reach a crisis. It will be paid for in blood. God's curse will be upon men in these times. Homes and families will be broken. Women as well as men will suffer. We shall be down to the lowest grade; then from these levels will rise the same order, the same curse of mankind, on and on till Doomsday. . . . Oh Prosperity, Glory, Gold, what a price we pay!"

The poet had risen to his feet in his excitement. Tears streamed down his face. His long fingernails dug into the palms of his hands bringing forth drops of blood. As he finished, he sank to his seat. It seemed that an age had passed during his speech. The twilight had stolen upon them and a somber blue fell across the bronze heavens. The breeze had died out. The blue changed to a deep, forbidding, ominous black.

So the war clouds gathered, while the good people slept at night, while they worked, or played, while they sang, laughed and danced, while they loved and



were loved in turn. Then stern awakening—the fanfare of trumpets, the cries, the solitary call of the bugle at camp, clashing and clanging bells, noise of the steam whistles, the clarions, sirens, shouts, hustling, reports of the guns.—Noise—noise—noise—WAR! ‘Der Tag’ the day, the day had arrived! It had come out of a clear sky. The day had come to the city, the home, the barracks, the camps, the farmhouses, the palaces, the mansions, everywhere with increasing speed, by word of mouth, signals, telegraph, wireless—the day had come. **THE DAY HAD COME!**

At old Heidleburg the news came like a bombshell. The students were deep in the study of Heine and Goethe, the master explaining and defining. Into the midst of this atmosphere came a messenger. Hardly had the words been spoken, when pandemonium reigned. Cheers swept through the classroom; desks were overturned; the fixtures wrecked; Goethe and Heine were flung out of the window to seek their own salvation as best they could.

Only one head was bowed; only one was unhappy. The master had gone to his desk, his head lowered upon his chest. Alone, alone in his unhappiness, forgotten, tragically forgotten.

In the camp Johann bit his lip as he read the orders of the day. He flung them to a subaltern and sank upon his cot.

Paul heard the clamor while writing in his room. He hobbled down the winding stairway to look upon the happenings.

Crowds had gathered at the door of the burgomeister's house. A proclamation had been posted there. In large black letters it told the reader that war had been declared and all men between the ages of twenty and forty years were to report to the nearest training station. Cries, tears, laughter greeted the announcement.

“It will be over in three months—certainly we shall mow them down—they can't stand long—we shall be in Paris next week—Impossible?—What? nothing impossible.” Such were the reports that floated around.

Swiftly, silently as the flight of the raven, troops were on the march through Belgium. The rumble of the drums, blare of the bugles, tramp of feet, jolting caissons, commands, swearing of the unteroffizieren, farewells, a hasty kiss—perhaps the last—all—all this made up the great Symphony of War.

Three terrible years passed. Was it a reality or a hideous nightmare? The long lines of women, weeping, waiting for hours at the post office to find, perhaps, a black-bordered envelope or—a brief respite from heaven for their loved ones. Ghastly lines of wounded, crippled, gassed, blinded, maimed soldiers coming back from the war, or was it a massacre? Tubercular children, diseased, hungry, with starvation staring them in the face, crawling on the streets, crying “Brot-Brot Geben Sie uns das Brot.” Bread-Bread give us bread. It was the heart of Germany, calling for Bread. It was the poor children of the soldaten, the despised soldier who stuck to his machine gun until he was either bayoneted or bombed into Eternity while his guten freund, Herr Leutnant was in a well-protected dugout, safe from danger.

And of our friends, Paul wandered about the streets in a daze. What was it?—what was it that seared his soul?—What tore at his very heart-strings?—Those

dreams-ideals? Where were they?—What did it matter?—Would it ever end?

Who cares?—

Of Vladimir—. At the Mazaurian lakes he was trapped together with several of his former students. Russian infantrymen repeatedly called to him to surrender.

“What say you, my friends,” said the poet to his students.

“To the end, master, for the Fatherland,” was the reply.

“To the end it shall be,” said the poet.

And so our friend died, a teacher among his pupils, killed by the men he loved, for whom he had gone into exile, by those with whom he had probably played as a boy.

Johann was captured by the British soon after the death of his beloved friend. His hair had turned prematurely white, although he was still a young man. Hunger and privation gouged great holes under his eyes; his skin was a sickly gray. He was aged, aged by the war.

A year later, the horrible dream had ended. Men were still beasts; their bloody hands reached out for more—more and more.

“Pay us,” they cried.

Who could pay?—Who won?—Who gained?

*L. E. Levinson*

### The Beginning of the End

**S**HE was the loveliest thing, as she lounged there near the glowing fireplace. Soft tan, all in one stroke—dress, sheer silk hosiery and tan suede slippers. But there, Crissie always looked ravishingly lovely.

They were discussing the most talked of fellow in the high school—Bill Carstairs—and Crissie was listening, her closely cropped head with its rough, tawny curls, tipped interestedly forward.

This popular young Carstairs was a true athlete and known for thinking girls in general were terrible; the modern flapper, etc.

More than one girl rebelled at this, and Cristine Holt, or Crissie, as she was more commonly called, was no exception. To her, Bill Carstairs was “unreasonable,” “cynical,” “hateful,” “spiteful,” and any number of descriptive adjectives that would describe his type.

“I'll tell you what,” a girl with brilliant blue eyes exclaimed, “I'd like to get even with Bill Carstairs!”

“Funny thing.” Crissie's cool level voice sounded—“I was just thinking of the same thing myself, and I'm going to begin tomorrow! He's in my German class, you know!”

Crissie was the most sought after girl in the school, but all attempts on the part of the opposite sex to attract her, were in vain; all the boys were granted was a casual “hello,” and a winning smile. None of them so far, had been Crissie's ideal, and strangely enough, she did admire Bill—well—he was different.

Crissie started her campaign the next morning as she said she would, in German class. She even had her seat changed to a vacant chair near his, complaining of the cold near the east windows. But this, along with all her sly glances, refused to register with Carstairs, who gave no sign that she existed.



The "Lucky Seven Club" formed by a group of prominent seniors announced their intentions of giving a dinner dance, and Crissie received an invitation which she accepted, because she had heard that Bill Carstairs had consented to be present.

The night of the party arrived and at seven-thirty everything was in full swing.

Later, when she had tired of dancing, Crissie slipped outside to refresh herself with a glass of punch,—and it was then that it all happened! It was over in a second. Someone had bumped her arm, and the punch had spilled down the front of her new pink evening gown.

"Oh gee, I'm sorry!", she heard a masculine voice exclaim. She looked up. Why who—what—of all things! It was Bill Carstairs.

Crissie was raging inside, but she managed to say in a small voice, "It's quite all right."

Later,—oh, what a triumph!—she, Cristine Holt, was on her way home, and Bill Carstairs was her escort!

Still later, she was confessing her guilt to him. "Just think," she laughingly said, "I tried so hard, and all it took was a glass of punch!"

Bill smiled and said "That was just the beginning of the end!" and then he added, "Revenge is sweet."

V. E. C. M. '29

### The Dangerous Game

(A Serial Story in Three Parts)

(Synopsis of Preceding Installment)

Richard Cardigan, socialite and detective, while disguised as a "down-and-outer," overhears a group of crooks from the underworld, plotting to steal The Celestial Diamond, a jewel of untold value, belonging to Dolores De Vere. One of the band, a girl of rare beauty, is instructed to attend the De Vere ball in the guise of a French countess and locate the hiding place of the jewel. After her confederates have stolen it, she is to leave town with The Chief. Tho she is not desirous of accompanying The Chief, she finally consents to play her part. Cardigan resolves to beat the crooks at their own game.

(Part II)

"French countess . . . . . De Vere Ball."

Cardigan heard those words and knew that now he would win this game. His was the ace in the hole. As a guest at the De Vere Ball he would have an opportunity to study the "Countess" at close range. Dolores De Vere, he knew and considered a good friend. Her desire to wear the Celestial Diamond he considered merely a bit of womanly conceit. Somewhat grimly Cardigan recalled the full page account of the coming De Vere Ball. One paragraph in particular he remembered. Most brilliant social event of the year to be held tomorrow evening. De Vere Ball at which Mrs. De Vere plans to wear the famous Celestial Diamond. And further on down the page among the names of the guests who were to attend, the Countess Montaigne recently crossed from Paris.

At this point of his thoughts Cardigan laughed softly. The Countess Montaigne he had recently left in a den of thieves and all newspaper reporters were damn fools else they wouldn't write such direct invitations, almost challenges in the eyes of the unscrupulous, to try their hands at the prize. Cardigan knew that everyone that was someone in the underworld had read that account.

As he stepped aboard an uptown trolley Cardigan laughed again, for what would they say, the socially elect, if they could have seen the "Countess Montaigne" as she really was?

\* \* \* \*

"The De Vere's, Tanner," instructed Cardigan as he stepped into his waiting car.

"Yes, sir," answered Tanner, and sent the car flying down the drive and out into the Avenue.

Cardigan, looking exceptionally well in his dinner clothes, sat well back in the corner of the car and gave himself up to his thoughts. He was certain he would meet the bogus countess, that he must shadow her without arousing her suspicions and that he must, above all things, allow her confederates to escape with the diamond, and, by so doing, lead into his hands the Chief.

The car glided to a stop and Tanner appeared at the door.

"We're here, sir," he said touching his cap.

"That will be all for tonight, Tanner," said Cardigan in a loud voice for the benefit of anyone who cared to listen. Aside, he added, in a low voice for Tanner's ears alone, "The front gate."

Tanner nodded and Cardigan moved on up the stairs of the imposing mansion. Sounds of revelry reached him and grew louder as he was admitted. Having removed his evening cloak, he wandered in search of his hostess.

"Richard—Richard Cardigan."

Cardigan turned as Dolores De Vere hurried up to greet him.

"You're late, Richard," she accused, laughing up at him, "I suppose you'll blame it upon some old business deal."

"Oh," he replied, laughing with her, "Nothing but business could keep me from your charming company."

"Gracious," she returned, "Don't let my husband hear you say that. But come," she finished, "I want you to meet the little Countess Montaigne."

She slipped her arm through his and led him through the maze of dancers toward the conservatory. Standing among the flowers was the "Countess Montaigne." But what a transformation! Even as Cardigan had changed from the dirty, drunken sot so had the girl, Meg, changed! She was exquisitely gowned in a creation of shimmering blue which certainly looked as though it had been originated in Paris. It darkened the color of her eyes almost to a velvet black. Her skin was no longer of an ivory pallor but a warm, dusky olive, while her hair was held within the confines of a headdress of tiny pearls, which Cardigan, connoisseur of jewels that he was, recognized as genuine and of great value. Whoever was behind the girl played his hand extremely well. And then the girl began to speak and Cardigan came to himself with a start. This couldn't be the same girl, this girl who spoke in such refined, cultured tones without a hint of the shrillness of last night! He knew that he was staring almost rudely but he could not take his eyes from her charming face. And all at once Cardigan was determined that the Chief would never leave the city with the girl as a companion.

Dolores was speaking.

"I shall send for my diamond now," she said and moved off.



Was it imagination or had the girl's eyes really darkened and dilated? He could not be sure and almost immediately she turned to speak to him.

"Theese diamon'?" she asked, "Have you evair seen him?"

Cardigan smiled. "Yes," he told her, "Once, when Don, Mrs. DeVere's husband, first gave it to her. It is an especially fine blue diamond."

"Ah, Monsieur, he is to know ze jewels ver' well, is it not so?" she questioned in her soft voice.

Cardigan nodded. "It is a hobby of mine," he asserted turning toward the door as Dolores came in. Instinctively, he stepped back placing the girl in front of him, well within his direct gaze.

Dolores was wearing the stone which, suspended from a fine platinum chain, glittered in countless rays of pale azure, then scintillated brilliantly as it caught the light. It hung like a ball of living fire and as everyone closed in to look at it more closely the girl shivered slightly and turned her back upon the scene.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle, the Countess, would care to see the diamond?" Cardigan wanted to know.

"Mais, non," she replied, and shrugging her shoulders enchantingly suggested that they dance. Someone cut in before they were halfway around the floor and Cardigan released her with reluctance. Crossing to an open window he went out upon the terrace to smoke.

Outside the music drifted down softly and Cardigan having buttoned his coat well over his white shirt front, leaned against a tree while his keen eyes watched the house and searched the grounds.

Suddenly he straightened and bent slightly forward. His attention was riveted upon a light which had appeared in the upper part of the house. A round circle of light which flashed rapidly three times and disappeared into darkness.

"So," said Cardigan to himself, "Our Countess has located the safe in which the Celestial Diamond will be placed."

And at that very instant the Countess was descending the stairs. She was immediately claimed by a waiting partner upon whom Cardigan cut in without compunction.

"Have you been dancing all this time?" he asked, and felt her stiffen slightly in his arms.

"But, of course!" she answered in evident surprise, "Where has Monsieur been all zis time?"

"Outside smoking," he answered laconically, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she was alarmed.

"On the south side," he finished deliberately, watching her face closely.

But she had regained her composure and,

"Really?" she laughed, "Will Monsieur be so ver' kind as to bring for me ze cool drink?"

Cardigan knew as he left her to comply with her wish that it was an excuse to get rid of him. Nevertheless, he went and returned only to find her gone as he had expected. He dashed out into the hall, secured his hat and coat and departed knowing full well that he could make his peace with Dolores all in due time.

He was watching from the shadows of the house when the girl appeared. Her gown was covered by a long cloak and Cardigan noticed that the headdress of pearls was gone. It was evident that she did not trust her confederates. She glanced hastily around and then sauntered slowly down the drive. Once out of sight of the house she quickened her step. It was no trick for Cardigan to shadow her down that dark drive, nor was he surprised when she turned into the deeper shadows beside the gate, where Cardigan made out the dim outlines of a waiting car. He remained hidden until he heard the motor begin to purr quietly and saw the car move out of the grounds. Then, with a low whistle, he stepped out into the drive and into the sleek, low built car that glided up noiselessly.

"Catch them, Tanner, but don't let them know that they're being followed."

They shadowed the car down into the by-paths of the underworld until Cardigan decided that it wouldn't do to be seen in the car down there. He tapped on the glass and instructed Tanner to pull in to the curb.

"You can go home, this time, Tanner," said Cardigan as he alighted from the car, "And, Tanner, your cap, please."

"Certainly, sir," replied Tanner, removing his cap.

With coat collar turned up and Tanner's cap pulled well down over his eyes, Cardigan became again a creature of the underworld and slunk off down the ill-lighted streets. He walked slowly for he knew that Holy Joe and Slinkie could not have made their haul and got back to the rendezvous in the little time it had taken him to shadow the girl. So he lurked within the darkened alley leading to the Spider's Den, eyes and ears alert for the first sign of the enemy.

"Tonight," he told himself, "I am the spider and they are the flies," and he felt a pang of compunction as his thoughts reverted to the girl.

He pictured the girl's face when he should catch the crowd with the goods. Were her eyes filled with a great terror and appeal?

He shook himself angrily and pressed closely against the wall for his trained senses had caught the stealthy pad of footsteps. Low voices drifted to where he stood, and Cardigan's right hand flashed into his pocket and came out again holding a short, squat, and ugly looking automatic. As he watched, two men paused before the door, gave the signal, and were admitted.

Fifteen minutes later, Cardigan stood inside the door. Without hesitation, he crossed to the stairs and began to climb them rapidly but silently. The hall upstairs was filled with a velvety darkness, thick enough to cut with a knife. There wasn't a shadow less intensely black than another. And there wasn't a sound. Cardigan stood listening and straining his eyes through the black velvet darkness. But he could see nothing, could hear nothing. Silently he cursed his luck. The men had come and gone and he had let them get away with the goods. He turned and crept back to the stairs just as a faint half light filtered from under the door. So they were there after all. He breathed a sigh of relief and stooped to apply an inquisitive eye to the key hole. Slinkie and Holy Joe were the sole occupants of the room. They sat well within the range of his vision and Cardigan grinned as he saw that they were drinking heavily. Evidently they had been successful in their mission.

"Quater ta two," announced Slinkie, looking at his somewhat battered watch, "Meg, oughta be here now. The Chief is due at two."

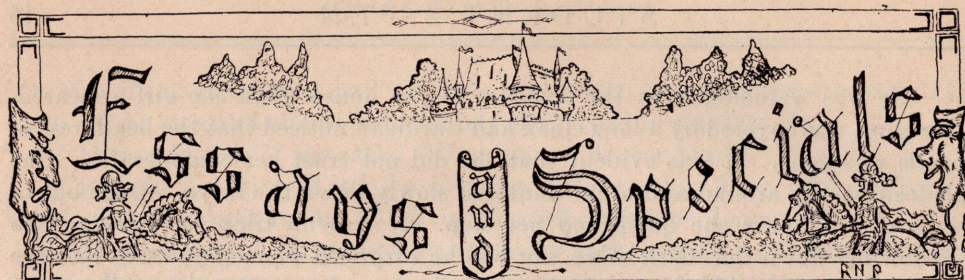
"Well, Meg is here."

Cardigan gasped as the girl stepped from an apparently blank wall.

(to be continued)

Edward Columbia





### Spring is Here

**H**ARK! What was that I heard? Cheer up cheerily, cheer up cheerily. There it is again. What can it be? Why 'tis Robin Redbreast in his gay spring suit; his shining red vest, black hat, and gray coat. What is he doing way up here in the North, amid the late snow? Why of course, how stupid of me not to guess—it's spring again.

Colors of every hue flash by as bluebirds, robins, and other feathered friends dart about seeking shelter and nesting space for the summer.

Little Mrs. Wren inquires, "May I rent this house for a season?" as she hops on a twig in front of a nice, wee house that seems to have been made to order. Here she decides to take up her abode and, as she describes it to her husband, "the rent is free, the quarters are nicely furnished, and altogether it is an ideal home."

Yes, spring is here! Why look! here are violets peeping from beneath the moist brown earth and here are some pure white flowers, too. These white ones must be bloodroot. Here are the little pink hepaticas. Surely spring is here when these dainty blossoms show their tiny heads above the soil.

April comes, and we see the Waltonians with rod, reel, and creel starting for the rushing streams. Now is the time when the speckled beauties come forth in search of unwary flies and juicy worms.

Spring is here! I have proof for the unbelievers. Just the other day, when I had returned home from school, I saw a little bluebird sitting in front of a birn-house I had put up last fall. He flew to the door of the house and looked in. The interior suited him, so back to the twig he flew and there he sat, much to my delight, pouring forth a rich melody of song. Soon, on a twig beside him sat another little bluebird. My first friend had attracted a mate by his love song. His newly acquired wife flew to the doorway of her husband's house, looked in, and seemed to give it her approval.

Since then, I have noticed a lot of flying to and from the house, so, growing inquisitive, I climbed into the tree, opened carefully the hinged roof, and looked in. There I found a combination of straw and hay well under way towards a completed nest. Spring is here!

Lester Harris '31

### Dissertation On a Fried Egg

(Apologies, of course, to Charlie Lamb)

**O**NE noon, not long ago, Dr. Russell, Wilts Dunham, and myself were seated around a bunsen burner in the chemical laboratory, frying an egg for our midday repast. The egg soon disappeared and while its delicate flavor was fast

leaving my palate, a question arose in my mind, which I put to the Doctor. "Doctor," said I, "whence came the fried egg?" He glanced up at me, wiped a trace of yolk from his eyebrow, and replied thoughtfully, "A moot question, sir, a moot question. In fact, it is the mootest question I have had put to me in many a moon." He then sank into a reverie. From experience I knew that the massive wheels of his intellect were revolving, and I realized that soon I would have an answer that would go ringing down through the ages. For the benefit of posterity, I sharpened my Eversharp and took down the Doctor's words in shorthand. He spake as follows:

"In the University of Heidelberg, at about 1432, the head of the science department was a learned man of letters whose name was McCarthy. He was of Swedish descent. His specialty was quantitative analysis. In the interests of science, he developed the theory which now bears his name. He states therein that if a fluid of density  $D$  moves with a velocity  $V$ , the diminution of pressure to the motion is (neglecting viscosity)  $P = \frac{1}{2}WDV^2$ . A most marvelous theory, sir, most marvelous. Well, this Dr. McCarthy was, unfortunately, not espoused, and so found it necessary to be his own culinary expert. He was in the habit of experimenting, both in the laboratory and in the kitchen. Now up to his time, the only form in which eggs were eaten was the familiar hard-boiled. The egg was simply transferred from the hen's nest to boiling water, in which it was kept for seven minutes. Then it was consumed along with a bit of ham or bacon. Such simple routine did not find favor in the mathematical mind of Dr. McCarthy. He wanted a chemical reaction worthy of his consideration—something complicated. So he commenced his experiments. First he immersed the egg in hydrogen sulphide, but the result could not, in all fairness, be called a complete success. Then he tried other solvents, sulphuric acid, phosphoric benzoate, and others, all with no degree of success. But the professor, in one of these experiments, which were conducted over a hot coal stove, was burned by a drop of boiling fat. He quickly dropped what he had in his hand, (it happened to be an egg) and propelled himself to the medicine chest for a bit of unguentine to alleviate the pain. This done, he went back to his stove, where a strange sight greeted his eyes. There on the stove was a semi-sphere, resembling an apricot, surrounded by a snow-white substance. After his first gasp of astonishment, the professor's mind began to function. He immediately associated the fact that he had dropped an egg with this novel sight. Thus he concluded that this must be some new and heretofore unknown form of egg. Being of economic disposition, he decided to eat the thing, rather than throw it away. Eat it he did and found it most edible. Thus, sirs," quoth Dr. Russell, "the fried egg."

Marvelling at the remarkable intellect of this man who sees all, and knows all, I woke Wilts up and proceeded home, where, as I ate my supper of fried egg I paid silent tribute to Dr. McCarthy.

J. F. Moore

### Spring Repairing

**T**HE first news of spring repairing to be done comes when Mother remarks to a hitherto serene household that the wallpaper in your room has been soiled and faded for some time and that the room should be repapered this spring.



After some discussion the family settles down to a calm acceptance of the situation, half hoping that she will forget about it in a few days. But this is simply the calm before the storm, for about five days later, catalogues bearing in huge letters "Fadeproof Wall Paper," "Fast Color Wall Paper" begin to arrive.

The night after their arrival the family is called into conference and the members told to select the paper that they like the best. Amid a maze of red and green and orange, Father discovers a tiny pattern of pink and blue figures set in row after row with absolutely no change. This he proudly presents for consideration but is immediately told that the pattern is old-fashioned. Mother likes flowers which wander all over and never end anywhere. But nothing is really decided, except that if those papers are not satisfactory there are always the stores in town.

Quiet reigns once more, but one Friday the man of the household is warned that he must bring home some knives for removing the old paper. Just why the old paper is to be removed before new is selected is something no-one knows but we imagine that it may be to hurry up the selection. Then the unsuspecting members of the household are put at work on the walls while Father attempts to remove varnish from the floor. Oh yes, that must come off for it has been decided that, since papering is to be done, the floor might as well be done over and the woodwork and ceiling, too.

That night you sleep in a room completely dismantled except for a bed—unfortunately, they had to leave that. The smell of varnish remover pervades the room and you go to sleep comforting yourself that the worst is yet to come for the smell of drying wall paper is still worse. The next day some paper is discovered which is not too awful, and, accompanied by relieved sighs from the family an order is sent for it.

And so it continues throughout the next week. Forgetting that a painter is in the room, you dash in, only to find that the dressing table has been removed to another room or that the desk is in the hall. The papers needed aren't in the desk but are discovered some time later, together with that book which was needed for reference the other day, in the farthest corner of the closet. You translate Cicero's orations to the accompaniment of "Get Out and Get Under the Moon" from the radio. Great chance for that with three other lessons to be finished!

But everything ends eventually—even this. And one day the curtains are up again, the furniture and rugs are in place and you can rejoice that all is over for another year and that it won't be your room next time, anyway.

*Carolyn Stafford*

### On Wearing New Shoes

IT was, no doubt, an uncomfortable feeling that accompanied man's first attempt to beautify himself. I allude to that all important era of history, when Mr. John Caveman, having slain a leopard, decided to appropriate its sleek hide and fashion himself a coat. However, Mr. John Caveman felt quite uncomfortable in his new creation due to the fact that it pinched him here, and bound him there and grievously hindered him in a great many ways. Of course, after a while the newness of the garment wore off, and the coat became quite

bearable to wear. However, when John decided that in order to keep up with the times he must fashion some kind of a mocassin, little did he realize that he was inventing an object that was to become one of the greatest perplexities of life—the shoe! Here, unbeknown to him was an article that was to dog man till the end of his days.

In the present age, nine times out of ten, the words, "new shoes" at once summon pictures of incredible torture to the mind. After several hectic hours of trying on shoes, during which time the foot is jammed into one pair of shoes and then another, and during which operation all the corns and bunions make themselves felt, a pair of shoes is finally selected. The customer slips into his or her old shoes,—my, don't they feel good—rises, pays the fee, and departs with the package. The shoes are put to one side upon reaching home and, of course, the process of breaking in is put off till the day before the shoes are to be worn.

The fact that the shoes must be broken in within some forty-eight hours, bursts upon the would be wearer with startling effect. With great misgivings, the shoes are brought forth. Silently they give back stare for stare, and leer at the person about to try them on. The family all offer their views on the best method of attacking the shoes, and after a long, serious conference during which all suggestions are given a great amount of consideration, the would be wearer picks up the right shoe and gingerly inserts the right foot.

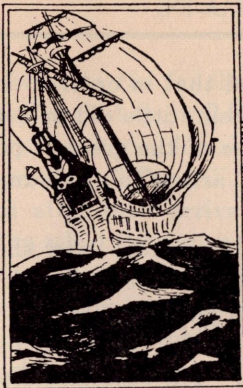
That is as far as actions proceed for the time being, because there is a nail just sticking through the sole, which needs to be eliminated. After several minutes are spent in locating the hammer, and several more are lost in whacking the thumb instead of the nail, the obstruction is removed. However, the counters must first be bent down because they are rather stiff, and a shoe horn must be located. After the would-be wearer has called the shoe horn into action, the foot is forced into the offending leather. No sooner has this been done than the wearer realizes that the shoes must be stretched overnight. Accordingly, the shoe stretcher, the veteran of many such battles, is dusted off, and the shoes are duly stretched.

However, in the morning there seems to be little change in the amount of room in the shoes, so they are worn that day. Such a day! Everybody seems to take a personal interest in trying to step on the stiff, creaking shoes. Each step causes each corn to register a stab of pain on the brain. Each step causes the shoe counters to rub against the heels, forming two nice, big, smarting blisters. At the end of the day one is a complete wreck, both physically, and mentally; and that night the party is a failure, as far as the tortured individual with the new shoes is concerned.

In conclusion, let me caution all who would wear new shoes to parties, *not* to wait until the last day to break them in, or disastrous results will follow.

*Russell Patterson '30*





## POETRY

### April's Here

April's here when silver birches  
Are dancing in the rain,  
When poplars flaunt their tassels  
And shake them out again.

April's here when sweetest fragrance  
Comes floating from the wood,  
When all the laughing rivulets  
Burst from their winter shroud.

April's here when all the world  
Comes forth in bud and song,  
When all's green and gold like fairyland  
And we're the fairy throng.

*Vera Victoreen*

### Blue Eyes

I used to cry when it rained;  
Rain always made me feel blue;  
If the skies were dark and overcast  
Nothing seemed true.

It all seemed wrong that the sky  
Should be hidden by clouds so grey,—  
Cruel clouds shut the sun-light out,  
And drove bright thoughts away.

But now the rain holds no sadness  
For I've found that the blue of the skies  
Is reflected—and oh, so much brighter—  
In the love-light that shines in your eyes.

*R. Marie Hill '30*

### Youth's Challenge

Tear down my castles,  
Crumble them to dust.  
Then laugh at the ruins  
You've caused by your lust.

Pull up the blossoms  
I planted with care.  
Throw them into the mire  
That they perish there.

Wound my young heart  
With a poison-tipped blade.  
Gloat as the blood flows  
From the gash you made.

Delight in your vengeance,  
Ah, Life!—But the laughter  
Of Youth, dauntless Youth  
Will long echo after.

*Grace Mochrie '29*

### Daffodils

They'll be gone tomorrow  
Those sweet messengers of spring  
They'll wilt away and take with them  
The fragrance that their blossoms bring.

I like to think they're elfins dancing  
Gracefully, upon the hill  
Distilling scent in April showers  
Giving joy to passers, still.

I like to think they're in my garden  
Tossing golden heads in glee  
Watching me come through the gateway  
Laughing at me joyfully.

I like to think they're on my table  
Each one watching his saucy face  
Mirrored in the shining surface  
As he looks down from a tall green vase.

*V. E. V.*



### The Forest

Peace was there, the peace of many autumns,  
The peace of spruces, tall and immemorial,  
Proud majesty of storm-defying oaks,  
And murmuring, complaining sighs of pines,  
Stifled whisperings of swaying branches,  
The lisping of the soft, caressing rain,  
Sleek velvet quietude of mossy carpets,  
Hushed, awesome stillness of cathedral aisles,  
The golden, mellow restfulness of sunlight,—  
Yes, peace was there, serene, immutable.

J. M. A.

### The Web

A silken net gleaming in the moon-light,  
The soft silvery moon-light,  
Bands of silver woven so loosely—  
Swaying in the cool night breeze.  
How dainty, how delicate, how perfect,  
Is it a fairy's gauzy scarf?  
The shimmering, glimmering beauty of it  
Makes one wonder and dream.

Ellen Davis '29

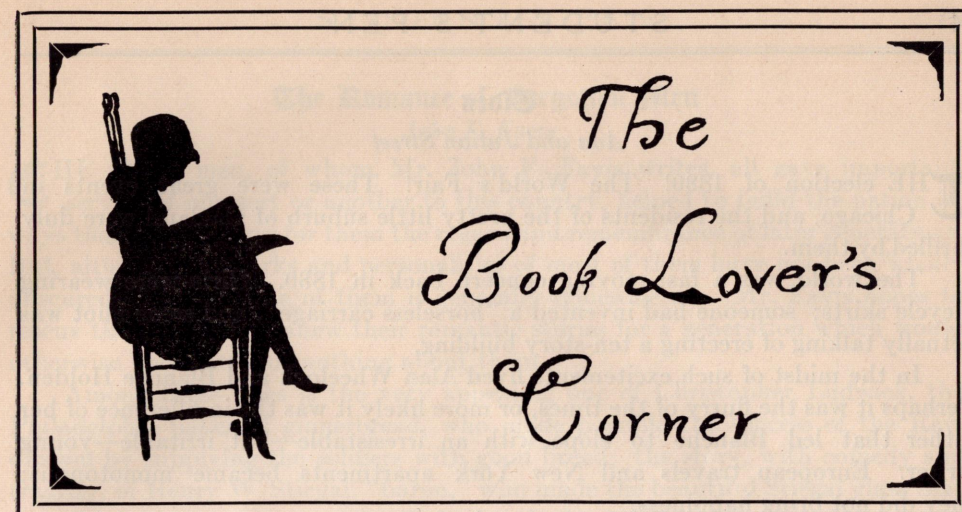
### Snow in April

April, for a time, has ceased her laughter  
Trees are heavy with the silver crystalline  
Every spike of green with pearls is coated  
In the light of cold gray skies we see the sheen.

The elm trees shake their heavy heads in slow dismay  
And vainly try to guard their buds 'gainst driving rain.  
I hear their bitter murmurs at the sleet  
That beats its slow cadence upon my window pane.

April, happy month that knows no sorrow,  
Has now been stilled by lingering winter's breath.  
Come, oh come, warm, balmy April breezes  
And free your sister, Spring, from icy death.

V. E. V.



### Silas Bradford's Boy

Joseph C. Lincoln

THE latest book of this well-known author is a very interesting one describing life in a small New England town.

Silas Banks Bradford, more familiarly known as Banks, has graduated from college and law-school and returned to his home-town of Denboro, a full-fledged member of the Massachusetts bar. With the aid of his uncle, Abijah Bradford, a retired sea-captain, Banks is soon installed as attorney-at-law.

After weeks of waiting for the work that is slow in coming, Banks is given a rather unusual case involving Mrs. Elijah Truman, Denboro's wealthiest citizen. The trial is a very amusing one. Banks becomes interested in Mrs. Truman's granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Cartwright, and becomes a frequent visitor at the Truman home.

Banks refuses to put through a dishonest deal by which the Denboro National and the Ostable County Banks are to become merged. As a result, he is almost ostracized by the townspeople, who do not realize the seriousness of the situation.

Soon after this the Truman residence burns, and Banks forcibly rescues Mrs. Truman, who has refused to leave the building. Mrs. Truman later dies from excitement and shock, leaving everything to her granddaughter. Found in the safe of the Truman home, are several papers which reveal startling facts affecting several of Denboro's prominent families.

The book closes with the clearing up of several mysteries, and the engagement of Elizabeth Cartwright to Banks Bradford.

The humorous touches in the book are supplied by Ebenezer Tadgett, a secondhand dealer, his wife, Sheba Tadgett, and Henrietta Bradford, spinster, cousin of Banks.

The story is both amusing and entertaining, and is well worth reading.

Ruth Mc Geoch '29



## Tides

Ada and Julian Street

THE election of 1880! The World's Fair! These were great events in Chicago, and the residents of the pretty little suburb of Oakland were duly thrilled by them.

The world was a fast-moving concern back in 1880. Girls were wearing bicycle skirts; someone had invented a "horseless carriage", and some idiot was actually talking of erecting a ten-story building.

In the midst of such excitements lived Alan Wheelock and Blanche Holden. Perhaps it was the flurry of the times, or more likely it was the indifference of her father that led Blanche to elope with an irresistible—but irritable—young writer. European travels and New York apartments became monotonous; they did not bring happiness.

Alan, too, married. Leta was a model wife, but an untiring social climber. When she reached the pinnacle, she looked around for more worlds to conquer.

Too late did Alan and Blanche discover the mistakes they had made. They found themselves, at last, alone, unwanted on the strand. The tide of their lives had flowed and ebbed, carrying out to the sea of Time their lost happiness.

Grace Mochrie '29

## Dynasty

Clarence Budington Kelland

POWER—always Power—is the theme of this novel. Finance, money, business, capital and labor run along as smoothly as the silliest love story in the world. Human emotions are treated with as little regard as an author usually pays to the practical means of existence of a family in the same circumstances as this.

Hiram Bond, a young scapegrace, makes a man of himself in a miraculous way, and at the same time makes himself indispensable to his employer, Amassa P. Worthington. Bond virtually rules Worthington's small factory, and buys lumber yards, railway companies, and many other concerns to make a huge fortune for his employer.

All this time he hungers, not for money, but for power—Power. He cleverly demonstrates how incapable Worthington's son is, and then basks in the prospects of a life position. His insight into the financial world is remarkable, if believable. He foresees the panic of '97, makes great money out of it, and continues forming huge companies. Worthington dies at the age of ninety-two, and Bond loses his position thru the influence of Worthington's grandson, a weak, vain youngster, who ruins the business in six months. Bond is given his former position and proceeds to rebuild his beloved business.

The little love story running through this makes the only understandable part of the whole business-like tale whose heart throbs Power—Power—Power.

M. K.

## The Romance of Forgotten Men

John F. Favis

THE fifteen men, of whom Mr. John F. Favis writes, all gave important service of one sort or another to this country, helped to build the nation in ways that ought to win for them the regard and remembrance of later generations. But, although the works and personalities of most of them have not been wholly obscured by time, none of them is generally remembered. Mr. Favis hopes to rescue them by telling anew their romantic stories for a generation which would otherwise know little or nothing about them.

Among these tales is the very appealing one of Christopher Ludwick, the Philadelphia baker of gingerbread, who made possible the success of the Revolution by supplying the soldiers with good bread; the story, with comedy and tragedy, of Henry W. Stiegal, "baron," who made the beautiful Stiegal glass that is now prized by museums and sells for hundreds of dollars per piece; the sketch of John Bantnam, a self-taught botanist, famous and important in colonial days, who founded the first botanical garden in America. Then, one glimpses the life and works of Joshua Humphreys, who built the first ships of our Republic, and is called "Father of the American Navy."

Mr. Favis has searched widely for his material, and has found it not only in books and almost forgotten articles, but also in diaries, old letters, and documents of various sorts. He has written the book in excellent style and it leaves a fresh impression of the human qualities that went to make our country.

W. Connelly

## Menelaus

Sing me a song of brave men,  
Give me a chant of war,  
Tell me of blood and heroes,  
Sing love songs no more.

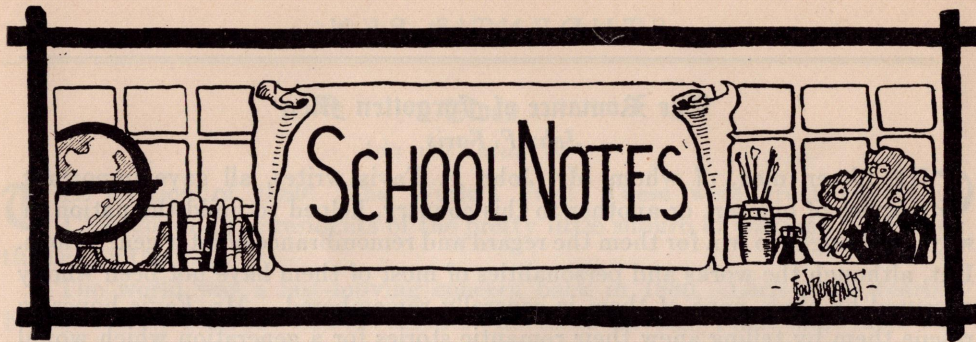
Songs of love are soft winds,  
I seek the wintry gale,  
Songs of lovers irk me,  
Sing me a warrior's tale.

Sing of the flash of long steel,  
Under a burning sun,  
Sing of a combat where hot blood  
On sun-baked sands will run.

Sing of night in the war camp,  
When the white moon radiant soars,  
Sing of the stars that gleam o'er our tents,  
Sing me a song of war.

J. M. A.—E. R. B.—A. M. B.





### Girls' Assembly

AN assembly for girls only was held on March 18th to arouse interest and enthusiasm for the second game of the basketball series between the girls of Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's. Barbara Couch acted as chairman and introduced the various speakers. Miss Henessey brought to our attention not only the importance of our support at the coming game, but also the value of athletics in general. Next, two team members, Mary Gniadek and Eileen Healy, expressed their appreciation for the interest shown in girls' sports and their hope that the P. H. S. team might emerge victor in the season's series. After these short speeches by the members of the team, the assembly was concluded with some snappy cheering led by Barbara Couch and Vera Victoreen.

Dorothy E. Corley

### Pittsfield--St. Joseph's Debate

DURING the past few months a debating league, including the high schools of Berkshire County, has been formed. The purpose of the league is to promote interscholastic debating and to provide another field for friendly inter-school competition. A program was drawn up by the county high schools for April 5th. On that date the affirmative team of each school in the league debated at home with the opposing team of another school. At the same time each school sent their negative team to some other team to meet affirmative opposition.

Mr. Strout acted as chairman in the Pittsfield--St. Joseph's debate and gave the contestants the final directions. He also announced at that time that the negative team of this school, consisting of Dorothy Corley, Raymond Sullivan, and William Andrews with Donald Baker as alternate, was competing with Lenox High School in Lenox.

The judges for the home contest were as follows: Attorney Cassidy, Attorney Noxon, and Judge Robinson.

Pittsfield upheld the affirmative side and St. Joseph's the negative in the question: Resolved: That the United States Should Refuse to Protect Investments in the Carribean Except after Formal Declaration of War. The negative side was upheld by James Curtin, Philip Macken, and John Berkely, with Daniel Connolly as alternate. The supporters of the affirmative side were: James McKenna, Thomas Joyce, and Edwin McLaughlin, with James Martineau as alternate.

The Pittsfield team stressed the need of the Pan-American Union with an arbitrary court. St. Joseph's laid much stress on the Munroe Doctrine which they said "would be a beneficial and strengthening experience for Central American countries."

When the votes were counted, it was found that St. Joseph's High had won by acquiring two of the three votes.

### Health Talk by "Uncle Billy" Ries

THROUGH the efforts of the *Berkshire Evening Eagle*, the youngest, old man in the world, "Uncle Billy" Ries was brought to this city to lecture to the school children and such societies as the Lion's Club, Kiwanis Club and Y.M.C.A. Fortunately, P. H. S. was among the lucky organizations that heard his speech.

In his speech Mr. Ries told us of his rise, about twenty-five years ago, from a physical wreck to a health expert. He has now attained the ripe old age of 79, though his physical condition and limberness proclaim him a man of about 50 years. During the recent war he was engaged by Mr. Hoover to lecture throughout the country on the proper system of diet. During this time he discovered that there was an alarming amount of disease among school children. This was caused chiefly by improper diet; therefore, he advocates food containing vitamin A which promotes growth and strengthens the eyes, vitamin B which prevents nervousness, vitamin C which fights off disease, and vitamin D which builds strong bones. "Vegetable tops," "Uncle Billy" declares "should be eaten as well as the vegetable itself, in order to obtain all these vitamins.

Just before concluding his speech, Mr. Ries produced a loaf of bread, the staff of life. Then he asked the student body to stand and salute, which they did. Upon this he carefully drew from his valise a bottle of milk, the key to life.

Irene Lutz

### Senior B Rings

AGAIN, efforts to establish a standard ring for P. H. S. failed. The ring committee, consisting of Jason Leavitt, Francis Gregory, and James Hyde, after much consultation with Mr. Strout and a representative from Kahl's Jewelry Store, chose four rings for the Senior B class to vote on. Number three proved a favorite. It has a square shaped top, that may be had with or without a flange. In the center is the City seal enclosed by a rectangle of black enamel, on which is printed Pittsfield High School and the numerals 1930. On one side of the design is an owl and on the corresponding side a torch. Ring sizes were taken and the Senior B's are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of their rings.

Nita Herbert

### The Athletic Council Selects a Baseball Coach

THE Athletic Council, consisting of four former students of P. H. S., namely, ex-mayor Fred Francis, Jay C. Rosenfeld, William Cormick, and Paul Tamburello, and a representative from each class, namely, William Kelly, Joseph Nilan, and Sherman Hicks, held its first conference April 9th. The purpose of the meeting was to select a four-sport Coach to take the place of Coach Carmody, who is now to direct the physical training in the schools of the city. Because of



the lateness of the season, it was decided to postpone the choice of the man who would direct all the sports, and to choose men to coach the baseball and track teams for the remainder of the school year.

However, it was not until the second meeting, April 12th that a baseball coach, Mr. John Ferry was chosen. Mr. Ferry has had long experience in baseball, having played in high school and college, and in both minor and major leagues as well as in independent baseball. Mr. Ferry attended this high school and was perhaps one of the best pitchers P. H. S. ever turned out. He was the leading pitcher at Seton Hall college and later, after graduating from college, played with the Pittsburgh Team in the National League and Columbus, Ohio, then in the American Association. After giving up professional baseball, Mr. Ferry returned to Pittsfield where for the next year or more he coached the P. H. S. baseball team. Later, with his brother, he instituted the Pittsfield Independent team and was instrumental in acquiring the present stands and fence at Wahconah Park where his team played.

The Council has not yet chosen a coach for the track team, but the selection of these two men will not in any way affect the selection of the four-sport coach.

*I. M. Lutz*

### **Class Officers--February Election 1929** **Central High School**

*Senior "A" Class*—President, Wayne Roberts; Vice-President, William Kelly; Treasurer, Granville Pruyne; Secretary, Joseph Abrahms, Advisor, Miss Kaliher.

*Senior "B" Class*—President, Sidney Smith; Vice-President, Arthur Reid; Treasurer, Nita Herbert; Secretary, Simeon Decelles; Advisor, Miss Morse.

### **Commercial High School**

*Senior "A" Class*—President, James McKenna; Vice-President, Pauline Parro; Treasurer, Margaret Foster; Secretary, Dorothy Corley; Advisor, Miss Downs.

*Senior "B" Class*—President, Elsie Snell; Vice-President, Fred Laramee; Treasurer, Elizabeth Chapin; Secretary, Dorothy Gogan; Advisor, Miss Powers.

### **Central and Commercial Jointly**

*Junior "A" Class*—President, William Haylon; Vice-President, Carlton White; Treasurer, Ritabelle Mirmow; Secretary, Myron Michleman.; Asst. Treasurer, Florence McDowell; Asst. Secretary, Sherman Hicks; Advisor, Miss Reiser.

*Junior "B" Class*—President, Thomas Joyce; Vice-President, Orville Wilkinson; Treasurer, William Andrews; Asst. Treasurer, Marie Berger; Secretary, Molly Harawitz; Asst. Secretary, Antoinette Billota; Advisor, Mr. Nugent.

### **News Notes**

Since we last went to press, another fraternity has been formed in P. H. S. The "frat" house is room 11, and only lads who study, or otherwise spend study periods there, are eligible for membership. The initiation ceremony is very quaint. The applicant steals softly on tiptoe to a point directly behind Mr. Herrick's desk. He then playfully clasps his clammy hands over Mr. Herrick's

eyes and shouts, "Guess who?". If he sidesteps Mr. Herrick's uppercut, he is immediately enrolled as a member of the fraternity; if he is unable to dodge the swing, he is also enrolled as a member . . . in an entirely different organization.

It has been the firm policy of this magazine to give no free advertising. But occasionally exceptions come up, and we are forced to overlook the rule. This time, the exception is the Senior A class play. Think of seeing Sam Wood, Jimmy Cohn, and U. W. Dunham, all in one play. They are positively better than in school. Impossible? Come and see.

H. K. Webber, Jr., has done it again. A few months ago, he showed us what the well-dressed man-about-town was wearing. Now he has come forward with a wonderful solution to the parking problem. A few months ago, he was awakened from his fifth period snooze by the startling announcement on the bulletin that henceforth there should be no more parking of cars (?) on the beautiful green lawn of P. H. S. That meant that he couldn't drive the Rolls to school any more. One thing he was sure of; if he couldn't ride to school, he wouldn't come at all. For a while he tried this plan: Every morning at about 7.20 he wandered around to the homes in his neighborhood, ringing door-bells, and then vanishing. One of the irate housewives was certain to call up Chief Sullivan. As a result the wagon was sent for little Hartwell in short order. In this manner he got to school for two months. But then the police began to get suspicious. (They will, you know, if you give them time). That was the end of that system. Next idea! roller-skates!!! Now, Mr. Webber arises at 7.49, straps on the skates, grabs a cup of coffee, hitches to a truck, and before he knows it he has flunked his first period class as per schedule.

*J. F. Moore*

### **In Fours**

Four nice mudguards,  
Four wheel brakes,  
Four sleek snubbers  
When it shakes.  
Four new pistons,  
Four plugs, too,  
Four wide doors  
To enter through.  
Four fine bright lights—  
How they shine,  
Four more payments—  
And it's mine.

The above little ditty is the favorite chantey of Mr. W. H. Nesbit, of the class of 1929.

Tripp: "Have you a date tomorrow night?"

Tracy: "It depends on the weather."

Tripp: "Why the weather?"

Tracy: "Yeh, whether she'll go or not."





### St. Joseph's 20—Pittsfield 19

In the first game of the city series, St. Joseph's High School was victorious over Pittsfield High by the score of 20 to 19. In the first period the game appeared very one-sided as St. Joseph held a commanding lead, but Pittsfield fought back and overcame that lead only to have it wiped out by a pretty toss by Captain Joe Dunn of the parochial team. This was Dunn's fifth basket from the floor. Together with a foul shot Dunn totaled 11 points, more than half of the points, for his team.

Although Pittsfield was beaten, they were not disgraced as their playing in the second half was on a par with that of their rivals. "Freeno" Froio and "Johnny" Conry were Pittsfield's shining lights.

### Pittsfield 29—St. Joseph's 17

Pittsfield High evened the series for the city championship by defeating St. Joseph's High before a large crowd in the Armory on March 30. Pittsfield took the lead in the second quarter and led throughout. The score at the half was 15 to 11. The Pittsfield players passed and shot well and won by quite a margin. "Jimmy" Vaccaro and "Mike" Shelsey were high scorers for Coach Carmody's club with eight points apiece. "Bill" Kelly watched "Joe" Dunn so closely that the St. Joseph's captain was able to score but one floor goal. "Johnny" Conry's work in the back court was outstanding. The Pittsfield players surprised even their fondest admirers by their ability to take advantage of the breaks.

### St. Joseph 19—Pittsfield 13

For the fifth successive year, Pittsfield High was defeated by St. Joseph's High of this city in the city series. The final game was played at the Armory before a huge crowd.

St. Joseph played a much better brand of basketball than our team showed and the parochial team took the lead early in the game and kept it up until the final whistle.

"Mike" Shelsey and Captain "Bill" Kelly were outstanding for the losers while "Joe" Dunn was as usual the St. Joseph star.

"Jimmy" Vaccaro, P. H. S. forward, suffered a broken bone in his shoulder in the first period but played two periods more of the game.

### Pittsfield 26—Berkshire Business 18

Pittsfield High won the series with the Berkshire Business College, two games to one, when they defeated the college boys 26 to 18 at the Boys' Club. Pittsfield completely outsmarted the older boys and before the game was well under way, Pittsfield showed its superior quality. "Jimmy" Vaccaro was the leading scorer for the winners, but "Freeno" Froio and "Johnny" Conry did good jobs. "Phil" Burns, although handicapped by an injured back, turned in the best game for B. B. C.

### All Berkshire Teams

The members of *The Student's Pen* sporting department have suggested the following All Berkshire teams:

#### First Team

Forwards: Wells of Williamstown and Lobo of Drury; Center: Dunn of St. Joseph's of Pittsfield; Guards: Haggerty of Adams and Gallup of Drury; Alternate: D. Cooney of Williams.

#### Second Team

Forwards: Walden of Williamstown and F. Froio of Pittsfield; Center: Hamelin of Drury; Guards: Conry of Pittsfield and W. Beacco of Williams; Alternate: Vaccaro of Pittsfield.

#### Honorable Mention

Forwards: Grant of Adams, Oesterly of Bennington and Grady of St. Joseph's; Centers: Elsdon of Searles, Kelly of Pittsfield and Tift of Bennington. Guards: Shelsey of Pittsfield, Boakes of Dalton and Jones of St. Joseph of North Adams.

### The New Athletic Council

**S**TARTING with the baseball season, athletics at the Pittsfield High School will be under the supervision of an athletic council consisting of seven members, four of whom are graduates and the remaining three, students at the school. Mr. Frederick Francis, chairman, Jay Rosenfeld, William Cormick, and Paul Tamburello have been appointed to represent the graduates and William Kelly, Sherman Hicks and Joseph Nilan were elected by the senior, junior, and sophomore classes respectively to comprise the committee. At a recent meeting, John T. Ferry, a former baseball player was chosen to coach the baseball squad. John T. Carmody has completed his duties as coach of athletic teams at the high school. Although Pittsfield has been unfortunate in the number of victories during the past season, we can always look back to the days with pleasure when the championship teams coached by Mr. Carmody were victorious. The students of the Pittsfield High school appreciate his tireless efforts to make the Pittsfield team a success and we know he joins us in wishing the new coach, Mr. Ferry, all the good-luck in the world.

William Haylon

\* \* \* \*

S. Dixon: "What were you boys arguing about just now?"

D. Welton: "About the size of my head."

S. Dixon: "Oh, yes, the bone of contention."



### Girls' Basketball St. Joseph 29—P. H. S. 28

The first game of the city series between the girls of St. Joseph and P. H. S. was played at the Girls' League gym. The game was close during the entire contest and was won by a margin of one point by St. Joseph, the final score being 29-28. Amelia Mahauski and Elizabeth Cardin were high scorers for their teams.

### P. H. S. 22—St. Joseph 10

On March 17 the girls of P. H. S. and St. Joseph met in the second game of the championship series at the F. M. T. A. In this game our girls evened up the race, winning by a score of 22-10. Again Amelia Mahauski was high scorer for P. H. S. and Miss Gillett for St. Joseph.

### P. H. S. 16—St. Joseph 7

The final and deciding game of the series was played off at the Girls' League Gym, April 4. For the second time P. H. S. came out victorious and thus won the city championship. In this game, P. H. S. was ahead from the start to the finish. The final score was P. H. S. 16—St. Joseph's 7. The high scorers were Miss Gillett for St. Joseph's and Amelia Mahauski for Pittsfield.

*Barbara Couch*

### Pittsfield Girls Win Championship

FOR the second successive year the Pittsfield Girls' basketball team overcame the St. Joseph's girls to claim the city championship. As there are only the two school girls' basketball teams in the city, the championship each year rests between the two. The girls have, to some extent, made up for our loss of the deciding game in the series between the boys of the two schools.

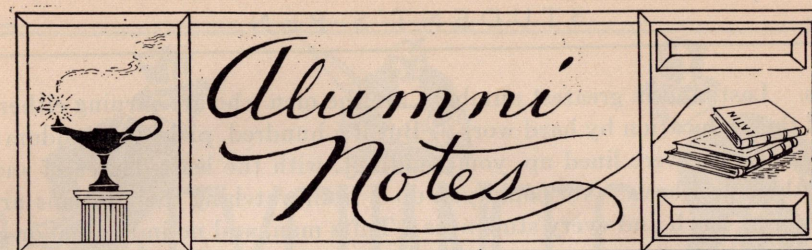
The past year has been a most unfortunate one for P. H. S. as far as athletics are concerned. Thus far, the girls have gained the only championship won by our school this season. In view of the poor circumstances under which the girls have had to work, their victory should be considered all the greater.

The team surely deserves more support and cooperation than it has received in the past. There is little doubt but that girl's athletics are here to stay, and because of two successful seasons, the girls of the school should realize that they have won a place in athletics. The team this year was composed of many of last year's victors. The players and their respective positions are as follows: Center, Edna Learned; Side, center, Mary Gniadek; Left Forward, Nellie Semenya; Right Forward, Amelia Mahauski; Left Guard, Silvia Renwall; Right Guard, Eileen Healy.

Much credit is also due Miss Henessey, the coach, who contributed greatly toward the team's victory.

There will probably be many vacancies in next year's line-up. The P. H. S. girls should remember the fine standing made by the 1928 and 1929 teams and report in large numbers to assure our girl's team of another successful season next year.

*V. Victoreen*



### Tufts College—Impressions of a Freshman

IT may seem presumptuous that a mere freshman should try to write an informative and yet interesting article about the college which he attends. I deny that presumption on these grounds: that a man will learn as much about his college during the first semester as he will all the rest of his college career; that during this time he is readily subject to lasting impressions conveyed to him by classmates, upperclassmen, and instructors; and that what he realizes to be true after his first mid-years he will admit, a thing he might not do when he has gathered about him the sophistication of several years on the campus. Therefore, having manufactured an excuse for getting my name into print, I shall proceed to set down such matters concerning Tufts as have impressed me most.

Democracy, unstriven for, yet present in a very high degree, is our greatest achievement. No one says to the entering freshmen,

"We are all democratic. You must become democratic if you would be one of us."

In fact nothing at all is said or thought of the matter. However, the newcomer realizes before he has dwelt on the campus long that he is becoming a member of a great group with a common purpose—all seeking a more or less technical education enriched by a large circle of acquaintances.

Freshmen are not separated from upperclassmen. There is a general mingling in the dormitories, classrooms, and dining halls. Members of the various fraternities meet each other and non-fraternity men with genuine cordiality. The fraternities have even gone so far as to form an association for the purpose of more easily supervising inter-fraternity sports and social functions.

Three or four times during the year the faculty act as hosts at afternoon teas given to the student body. On these occasions the student can and does meet each member of the faculty personally and may talk freely with any of them. But personal contact with professors and instructors does not stop here. Quite often, near examination time, a number of the professors extend blanket invitations to the members of their classes to call on them at their homes if any special aid is needed in the course. If the instructor does not live near the campus, he makes it a point to be in his office at a time convenient for the student. No one is denied an interview with any administrator, even to the president, and this fact carries its own meaning in a college of over two thousand students.

Missing are those wealthy students whose purpose in college is a four-year good time. Tufts has no sympathy for such individuals. Consequently there is almost a total absence of the group which keeps aloof from and (supposedly) above the other fellows. There are men here who have access to large sums of money, but the fact is not apparent from their attitude. Then, too, present in larger numbers are the sons of what are usually termed the "middle class"



families. Last, and in greatest numbers, are the men who are earning either part or all of their education by hard work. But if a hundred, picked at random from the three groups, were lined up, you could not, with the least degree of success, classify them as I have. Nor could you do it from watching their actions around the campus. Each and every student is a Tufts man, and no individual or group is ostracized.

Another aspect of life here, probably more interesting to the high school student, is the set of rules governing hazing of freshmen. Believing that the road the newcomer must travel is hard enough, the administration has forbidden indiscriminate and concentrated bullying. A discreet amount of forced naturalization is allowed. The freshmen are taken out on various occasions and put through the paces. A goodly number of regulations, drawn up and imposed by the sophomores, must be obeyed throughout the first semester. But the old style open and constant hazing of a given group of freshmen has been abolished for the benefit of the entire college.

I don't pretend that we have a Utopian college here. Like all other schools, we have our faults; but the discrepancies of democracy are less glaring than most educational institutions of our size must plead to.

I could go on to talk of our excellent departments in engineering and chemistry, but I won't do that. Such information may be found in catalogues and pamphlets. It is not my purpose to make this article into either. I hope, however, that I have given my readers some impressions of Tufts that can be found in neither catalogue nor pamphlet.

Kenneth W. Roberts,  
P. H. S. '27—Tufts '32

### How About a Cat?

*Ad in small town paper:*

Wanted: Competent high school girl for general mouse-work.

\* \* \* \*

### News Item

Frank Kiligas has traded in his "Wonder Watch" for a breakfast watch. Upon inquiry Mr. Kiligas stated that a breakfast watch is one which has been waterproofed so that it is not necessary to remove it every morning when dipping doughnuts into coffee.

\* \* \* \*

### Why Teachers Get Gray

Miss Kelly: "No, Billie, you must not say 'I ain't agoin'.' You should say 'I am not going, you are not going, he is not going, we are not going, you are not going, they are not going'."

Billie (very surprised): "Gee, ain't nobody agoin'?"

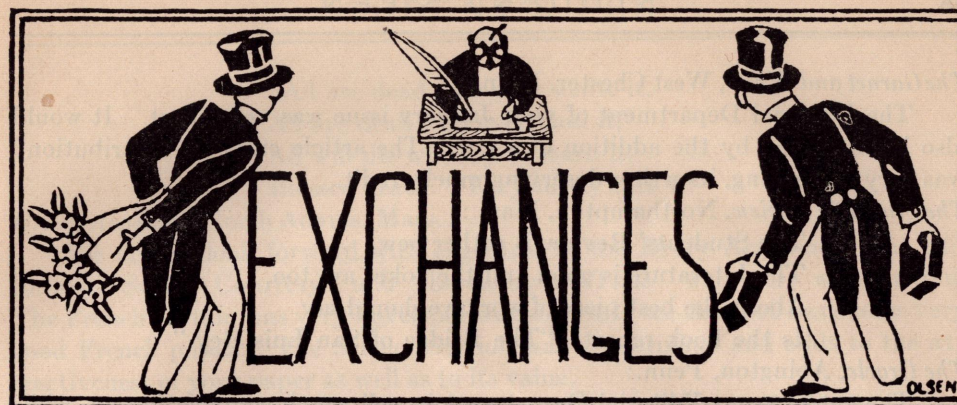
\* \* \* \*

Another theory has been advanced by Grace Mochrie as to why George Washington stood up in the boat. He was Scotch and had just had his pants pressed.

\* \* \* \*

Conway: "I've taken from the best music teachers in this city."

Condron: "What? Their silverware?"



THE buzzing noise of an aeroplane was heard above the confused sounds in *The Student's Pen* room. The various exchange writers rose hastily from their chairs. The mail at last!

The plane slowly taxied down The Common, came to a stop, and was immediately surrounded by the eager group who had just left the building. They seized the bag which contained the exchanges and carried it victoriously back into the building and into the room they had deserted. They pulled forth the magazines and criticized them as follows:

*The Orange and Black*, Middletown, Conn.:

You have a fine little paper with good literature and plentiful school notes. We had a truly good laugh when we read your jokes, but why not put them all under one section?

*The Kensington Distaff*, Philadelphia, Penn.:

The first enjoyable thing about your paper was the distinctive cover design. But that was not all for when we looked farther we were favorably impressed by your original department of Books and Plays as the books were well reviewed. You seem to have a fine library in your school judging by the excellent report of new fiction books you were given.

*The High School Panorama*, Binghamton, N. Y.:

Your literature is fine,  
Your paper well arranged,  
The jokes are rather scanty  
But don't you think that could be changed?

Your paper is well written,  
Your Hoos Hoo idea is clever,  
And to add a last goodwill touch—  
Your exchange is even better!

*The Noddler*, East Boston, Mass.:

Your well selected cuts were extraordinarily good and we mention in connection with this that we enjoyed your *Rogue's Gallery*, which was amusing and original. Your table of contents was very convenient and we enjoyed your stories. Why not add a "What Others Think of Us" section to your Exchange.



*The Garnet and White*, West Chester, Penn.:

The Editorial Department of your January issue was very short. It would also be improved by the addition of a cut. The article entitled "Retribution" was very interesting, its writer deserving much credit.

*The Student's Review*, Northampton, Mass.:

The Students' Review is rather new,  
The Literature is good and the Jokes are too,  
About the best piece of work we should say  
Is the book report—"The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

*The Oracle*, Abington, Penn.:

The cut for your Editorial Department is well worth commenting on, while the material in it was excellent. Miss Wyatt's "No-Mo" was very original, as were the rest of the short stories.

*Murdock Murmurs*, Winchendon, Mass.:

Your magazine is one of the best on our list. We enjoyed especially the "Letters of a Darcy to his Mammy" and "Slang and Mother." We think, though that a longer Exchange Department would add a great deal to your magazine.

*The Exponent*, Greenfield, Mass.:

Here is a magazine that is "first class,"  
It's the Exponent from Greenfield, Mass.,  
Not a thing that is wrong can we find,  
You are surely lucky, but never mind.  
There is one "thing" we notice and that "thing"  
Is, the excellent story, "The Rescue of Tiny King."

*The Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Penn.:

Your cuts, especially those for the Alumni Notes and the Exchange Column, are very good. We believe that a separate poetry department would help the appearance of your magazine a great deal.

*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.:

The High School Herald is a very well written school magazine, but it could be greatly improved if the poems were all in one section. Your book column interested us to such an extent that we intend to read the books suggested. The editorial "Guilty or Not Guilty" speaks for itself and the students should certainly grant your request.

*The Red and Black*, Claremont, N. H.:

A month is up, and is it back?  
Yes sir, here's the good old *Red and Black*.  
Among the literature is "A Busted Window," and its mate  
An excellent story, "The Long-Forgotten Gate."  
The Jokes are short and we ask, "Why?"  
Please remedy this, and till next month, "Goodbye."

*The Holten*, Danvers, Mass.:

We believe you could improve your magazine by having a larger Exchange Department. Other than that, your paper is very good and we are looking forward to your next issue. We especially liked the following:

"Latin is a language,  
At least it used to be,  
It killed off all the Romans,  
And now its killing me.

"All are dead who ever wrote it,  
All are dead who ever read it,  
All will die who try to learn it,  
Blessed death. They surely earn it."

*Drury Academe*, North Adams, Mass.:

We always look forward with eagerness to the Drury Academe. The editorials, "School Courtesy" and "Economy of Time" were very well written. The French Section was very novel and we can clearly see that you have some very good French pupils. The Science Section was also original and adds to the attractiveness of your paper as well as to its value.

Abby R. Neill

As others see us:

*The Student's Pen*, Pittsfield, Mass.:

A very outstanding exchange. We enjoyed your November issue very much. Your Literary Department is fine. Your large number of poems is outstanding. Your cuts are plentiful and original. A very fine and interesting magazine.

*The High School Panorama*

Binghamton, N. Y.

*The Student's Pen* from Pittsfield High shows splendid work and a good sense of humor running through the whole magazine. The abundance of clever cuts adds zest. We must admit that we were "taken in" by the "Parlex-vous etc." title, and were gratefully rewarded for our curiosity! How unique is your Children's Column—Uncle Wiltsie must be quite an uncle!!

*Orange and Black*

Middletown, Conn.

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges:

*The Salemica*, New Salem, Mass.  
*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.  
*The Schucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.  
*The Garnet*, Lewiston, Maine  
*The H-I News*, Ludlow, Mass.  
*The Red and White*, Rochester, N. H.  
*The Red and White News*, Pittsfield, Mass.  
*The Critic*, Lynchburg, Va.  
*The Sign Post*, Tulsa, Okla.

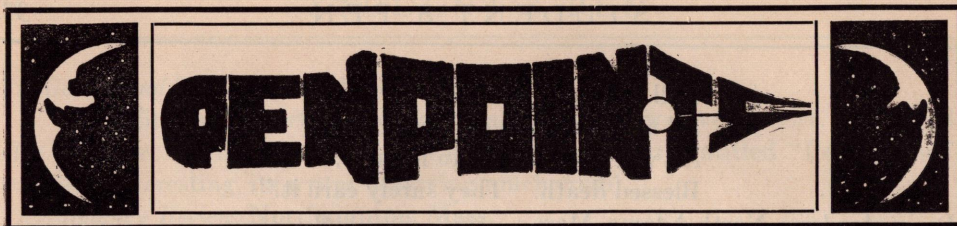
Papers:

*The Clark News*, Worcester, Mass.  
*Junior Hi Tones*, Hilo, Hawaii  
*The Vermont Skynic*, Burlington, Vermont  
*The Bates Student*, Lewiston, Maine  
*The Commerce*, Springfield, Mass.

Shakespeare (joyously): "I wrote a sonnet last night on my cuff. What shall I do with it?"

Anne Hathaway (unsympathetically): "You'd best send it to the laundry, Will."





*"Dulce Est Ridere"*  
Vergilius Cicero Caesar Africanus

'31: "What are you looking for?"

'32: "A nickel."

'31: "When did you lose it?"

'32: "Who said anything about losing it?"

\* \* \* \*

Wilts Dunham: "Well, I finally got into the movies."

Helen Bump: "You did! How?"

Wilts: "Oh, I paid the usual 50c."

\* \* \* \*

#### Five Most Important Men in Italy

Benito Mussolini

Benito Mussolini

Benito Mussolini

Benito Mussolini

Benito Mussolini

\* \* \* \*

The year's best simile. (From the "American Notebook").

"As optimistic as the lady who started a gift-shop in Edinburgh."

\* \* \* \*

Wright: "Say, how do you find the horsepower of a car?"

Wood: "Just lift up the hood and count the plugs."

\* \* \* \*

Baa! Baa! Black sheep!

Have you any wool?

Yes, sir! Yes, sir!

Three bags full.

One for my master,

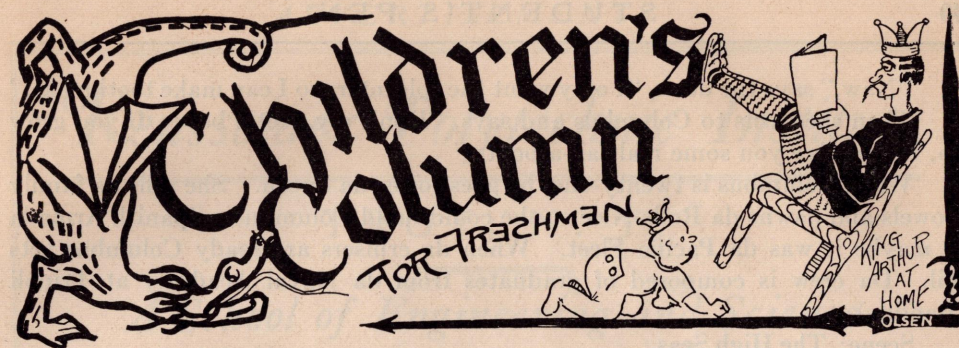
One for my dame

And one for all the high school students to  
pull over the eyes of 36,886,999 teachers.

\* \* \* \*

Coach Carmody: "Define the word 'Halt!'"

F. Froio: "When the order 'Halt' is given, you bring the foot that is on the ground to the side of the one that is in the air, and remain motionless."



#### Everyday Problems No. 2

TO my mind the greatest problem now staring the intellectual marvels of P. H. S. in the face is how to get a seat at the assemblies. Some of the greatest minds among the student body have been turned loose on this problem. That eminent philosopher, Mr. H. K. Webber, when interviewed on the subject said, "I prefer to go roller skating."

After this highly enlightening answer we concentrated our attention on the question with the following results.

The assemblies should be announced a week in advance in order that the students might go into training for the big event. Those who are inclined to athletic prowess could practice sprinting, starting from their seats on the bell. As a sideline to this sport, may I suggest a little practice in straightarming obstructing persons such as traffic officers. Those of you who have a dramatic bent may well stage a few rehearsals in flaming beards and wigs in the hope that you can convince some freshman that you are a member of the faculty and should be given a seat. Perhaps we might take a lesson from the World Series fans, who wait all night for the ball park to open. We might bring our breakfasts and sleep in the auditorium. However, we know that the building is very inadequate (even as we go to press we hear vague rumors that the learned Dr. Russell narrowly escaped serious injury from falling plaster) and we must not expect too much. Those of you who are still old fashioned enough to believe that one has to go to compulsory assemblies will find that arriving on time is a great help in obtaining a seat.

Uncle Wiltsie

#### Christopher Columbus

(As Told to the Author by Julius Caesar)

WHEN Christopher Columbus was a leetle boy he was different. All da people tink da woild is flat except Columbus. He tinks it is round like a football. He don't study; he alla time play with sail-a-boats. One day he is playing that he is Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay when along comes Queen Isabelle from Spain escorted by a dook. When da Queen sees da beeg puddle she gets all hot and bothered, and bewails, "O Tempora! O Mores! I left have my rubbers at da palace."

"Dat's all right," says the dook, "step on da boat, I weel poush it across."

It is done but the boat is wrecked. Da Queen is not wet. She says to the dook, "Have you a boon to ask of me?"



"Naw," says the dook, "I only want the spleenters so I can make toothpicks."

Then she turns to Columbus and says, "Don't cry, leetle boy. If you grow up, I weel give you some real sail-a-boats."

When Columbus is twenty-one, he goes to see da queen. She sells da family joowels and pawns da Rolls-Nice so she could build Columbus a Spanish Armada or maybe it was da Pacific Fleet. When da cruisers are ready Columbus sets sail. Da crew is composed of graduates from da Naval Academy at Tripoli (Bandits).

Scene: The High Seas.

Da mate yells, "Six bells and all is well." The sleepy voice of Columbus is heard from the hold, "Hey, on deck, what time is it?"

"Six bells, sir," replies da mate.

"Oh you leatherhead," yells Columbus, "what time is it in plain everyday Italian?"

"Four o'clock Eastern Standard Time," replies da mate. "Let us turn back," he pleads.

"No," thunders Columbus, "I promised my mother I'd see America first."

Ten hours later.

(Mate on bridge) "I see the Statue from Liberty."

Columbus: "Whoopee, I'll be a big shot in Spain from now on."

Moral: Don't take two courses in history at the same time.

By that Notorious Character—

*Jawn Donna*

*The following communication has been received by the "Student's Pen," and with great labor has been translated into English by that scholarly master of the Latin tongue, R. G. Newman.*

Campania, Italy, The Ides of March

#### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: GREETING

The time has come, I feel, when the author of the *Aeneid* should register a protest at the celerity with which his poem is being read by the Senior "A" Latin class of the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, High School. Mr. W. D. Goodwin, their eminent instructor, has informed me that his class translates my work so rapidly and fluently that it is not unusual for them to cover an entire book of the poem in a single class period. Altho he attempts to impede their lightning-like progress with weekly Latin prose lessons and fortnightly tests, nevertheless their alarming rapidity of translation is increasing daily. Mr. Goodwin further states that unless I immediately write another long poem, his class will be obliged to begin reading the works of that miserable inferior hack, Ovid.

I flatly refuse to start work on another volume for the avid consumption of these aforementioned students, and unless they slow down in the rate of their translation, I shall be obliged to send a personal representative to the school to investigate the situation.

Please give this letter publicity thru the pages of your excellent school paper.

Farewell,

(Signed) *P. Vergilius Maro.*

P.V.M./S.M.

## *Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute*

TROY, N. Y.

### *A School of Engineering and Science*

THE RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are 1400 students enrolled at the school.

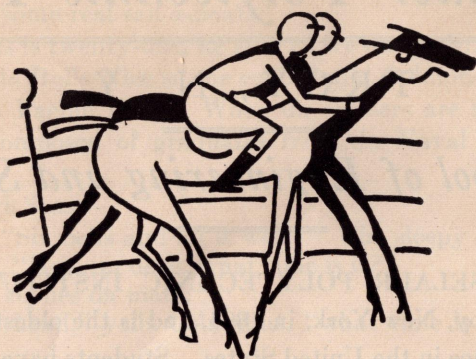
Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, in Architecture, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Architecture are prepared to practice their profession in any of its branches. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

Graduates of any of the above courses may continue their work in the Graduate School of the Institute. The Master's Degree is conferred upon the satisfactory completion of one year's work and the Doctor's Degree for three years' work.

The method of instruction is unique and very thorough, and in all departments the laboratory equipment is unusually complete.

Interesting illustrated pamphlets giving information regarding the courses of study and the methods of instruction and containing views of the campus, buildings, and laboratories, the student activities, and the work of graduates, may be had by applying to the Registrar.





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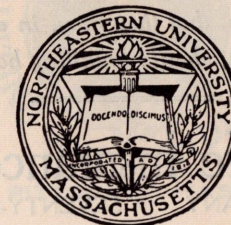
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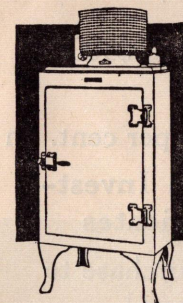
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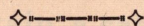
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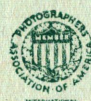


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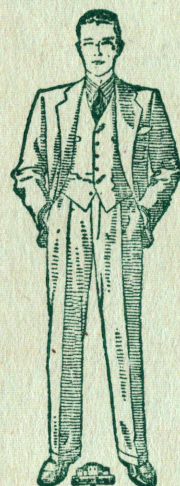
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